

JERU THE DAMAJA – EAST NEW YORK STAMP LYRICS

[forest whitaker reading]

[jeru]

samurai linguist, others suck like ?conalingist?
i burn sh-t up like a poison p-n-s
make your whole style seem meaningless
match wits wit this
call your squad the hole of fortus
i swoop down like a dirty brooklyn pigeon
swing my sword wit precision
lightning speed blurs your vision
like a surgeon wit razor sharp incision
subconscious like hypnotism
water on the brain, the mental baptism
put your aura in prison
block up your chi, and bend your light like a prism

[afu-ra]

yeah, those walkin the dog stand personified
study lessons and plant seeds to fertilize
straight up, i slaughter the ? that's got the order
spit flyin straight at my mouth is holy water
i damage flows, on the mics crushin your matter
and saw you scatter, and couldn't put you back together
fist of ten rings, i'm scr-pin jews up out the gutter
hittin ya, splittin ya thoughts like forest whitaker
sick wit the, get wit the thoughts next to ?
utmost, you want lyrics, here's an overdose
preverb'll tell you wit styles, you'll be a ghost
i did it a lot, i been in the spot, i rip it alot
and now some motherf-ckas wanna try to scheme and plot
and takin chances in life like throwin dice
it's afu-ra, i return from death twice
you talkin bout skills? yeah yeah, i'm twice as nice
take it to the apex, and push it high-tech
these petty mc's, they picture-paintin hot s-x
i melt tracks, i bomb sets wit hot wax
you want some spiritual syllables wit the chemicals
murdered down eighty-five percent subliminal
ten percent, fire burn em wit my visual
five percent, we break bread all in the mental
i keep it comin like rotisserie, and missin me
straight up and down, i let you know i do it wickedly

[vocal sample]

[chorus x3: jeru]

it's the code of the samurai, prepare to die
know you'll die, brooklyn e-n-y

it's the code of the samurai...